The Bystander, September 12, 1917.—No. 719. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

LORD RHONDDA'S DAY WITH THE PARTRIDGES

(Our artist evidently considers that Lord Rhondda is a "trick" shot. But, anyway, he *is* blowing 'em to bits, isn't he?)

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Norman Morrow

I SAW you a fortnight ago, dear old chap, and I remember how very long were your fingers and how worn your clever hands. The old light was in your eyes, but your voice and your cough told of the sad separation that was to come for us all.

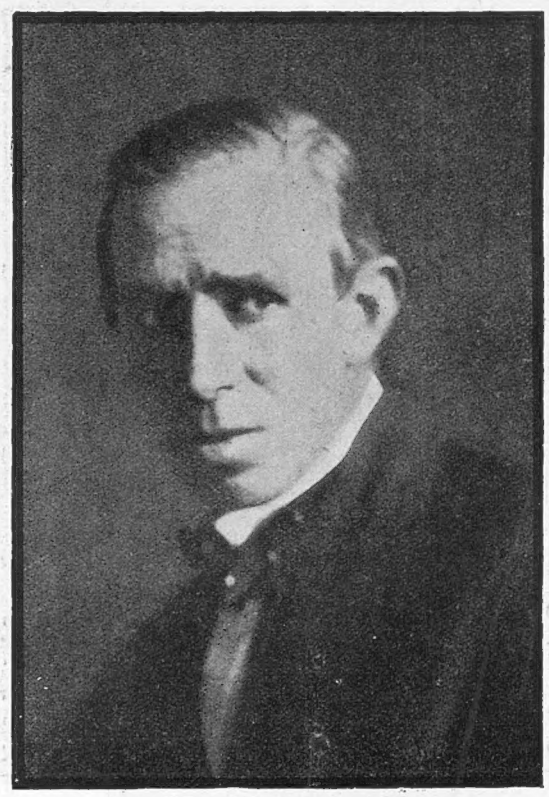
"Come next Saturday," you begged. "I'll be as right as rain then."

You were the shyest genius I think I ever knew. How we rocked with laughter one night when you told me of your first visit to a London art editor. How he wouldn't see your pictures, how you unpacked them and forced him to see, how he contemptuously ordered you out, how you in your anger and excitement dashed out of the office by the wrong door and lost yourself.

It is quaint to me to read the newspaper testimonies to your talent. Did you get much of that when you lived, Norman? Did you want it? Not you. You drew right because there was laughter in your pen. You painted right because there was beauty in your eyes. In weak moments you would send something to an exhibition, but that wasn't your game, Norman. You drew as you smiled. And you put colours together as emotion dictated. You rarely finished. Imagine, Norman, if you had done something for the Academy, and had been asked to—varnish it!

Do you remember how we squandered our fortunes on the automatic gambling machines of Dawlish, and how you "disappeared" one night, leaving a suicide's letter in your place at the dinner-table? Do you remember—all, all I shall remember, old Norman. And so shall the hearts of a hundred—to the end.

There was a time when you did some supremely comic pictures for exhibition in the course of a play which Phillpotts and I wrote. They were enormous things, and I remember you brought them all the way from Chelsea in a four-wheeled cab. How I yelled with delight at your account of the journey. We were in the stalls when you arrived. The stage-manager put up the pictures for us to see. . . . When we had wiped the tears of laughter from our eyes I turned to where I had seen you standing. But you had slipped away, Norman.



THE LATE MR. NORMAN MORROW

Once again, dear old son, you have slipped away. Our tears are not those of laughter. And we cannot wipe them away. B. M. H.

Gotha Blazes!

THE midnight raid on Tuesday of last week called forth the usual excited squeals from those who, though they well know the habits of "the Authorities," yet hold that "the Authorities" should, by some means at present unspecified, have prevented the Gothas from sailing over London in the dark, killing and injuring several people, and grossly insulting the august shade of her whose "infinite variety custom could not stale"—which is about as near as the Censor will let me go, I suppose! Columns and columns were devoted by a section of the Press to abuse of the Government—but only a line or two to the information that our airmen in France had spent the same night dropping vast numbers of bombs on the nests whence the Gothas are wont to wing their nefarious flights. And that is, in the end, the most effective way of dealing with them; for it is a much simpler affair to destroy an aeroplane "sitting" in its hangar than to do it any damage when it is aloft.

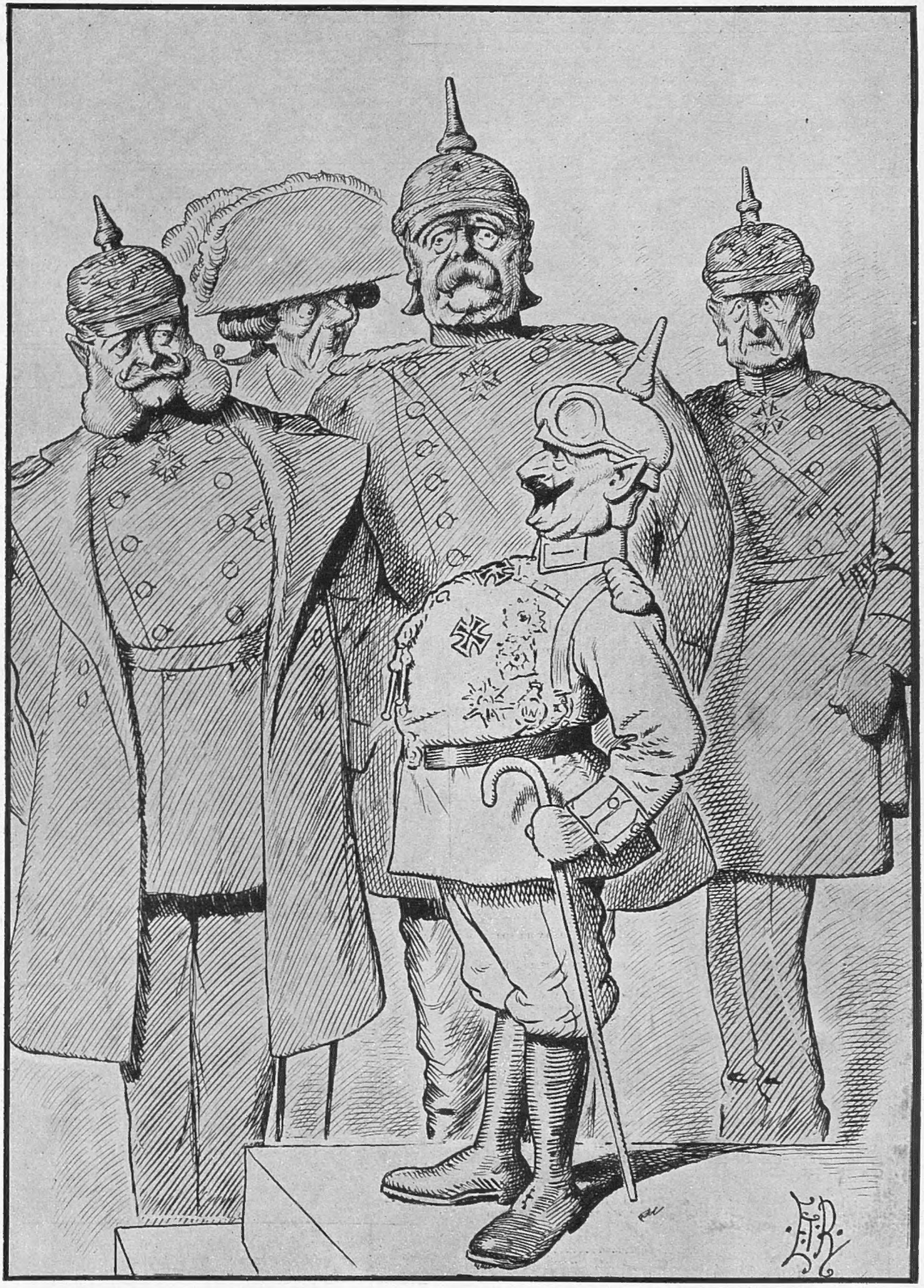
Canada Shows the Way

THE new Canadian Franchise Bill is a measure for which true patriots will find no praise too high. The forthcoming elections will be held under its provisions, which include the granting of the franchise to the wife or widow, mother, daughters, and sisters of overseas Canadian soldiers. This form of extension of the franchise to women is in itself an excellent step; but even sounder is the taking away of the vote from all conscientious objectors to military services, and from all aliens born in enemy countries and naturalised since 1902. I suppose it is too much to hope that we shall follow Canada's example; but it will be a crying scandal if at the next election in this country the "conscientious objectors" are allowed to have any voice in the government of the land they would not lift a finger to defend.

(Continued on page 483)

The Last Indignity

ALL GERMANY TO THE MELTING-POT!



The "Lokalanzeiger" states that bronze statues and monuments throughout Germany are to be confiscated and melted down

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Decisions of Democracy

DEMOCRACY has complained for years of "Secret Diplomacy," and perhaps with reason. But its own exhibitions of what it would do if power were in its hands is a little disturbing to those who think it undesirable that national policy should emulate the weathercock. And we need not go to Russia for an example—it is easy enough to find it at home. For example, in the space of about a fortnight "Labour" has decided by about a million majority to send delegates to Stockholm, affirmed that decision by a bare majority of a thousand or two, and finally settled not to have anything to do with it by a majority of two and three-quarter millions! Some consistency! But suppose it had not been a question of sending delegates to a Peace Conference, but of going to war. . . .!

Wilhelmachiavelli

NOT that "secret" diplomacy is without its demerits. The bright little correspondence between "Willy" and "Nicky," which has been disinterred from the Imperial archives at Petrograd, really does almost wring a reluctant admiration for the Kaiser's "smartness," though its inner meaning seems to have escaped most of the commentators. In 1904 the German fleet was not a great deal stronger (on paper) than the Russian, and Russia, being France's ally, was always a possible enemy. In which case, that any fleet, however weak, belonging to a possible enemy should be put out of the way was, naturally, a desideratum for Wilhelm II., who, knowing a little about Japan, had every reason to believe that the Russian Fleet, if it once got to sea, would be unlikely ever to return.

The Modus Operandi—

HENCE the Kaiser's letter to "Nicky" of October 27, 1904, suggesting the ingenious theory that England might object to Germany's coaling Rojdestvensky's armada, and so prevent it sailing. To counter this imaginary factor (and thereby ensure that it d'd sail) "Willy" proposed a secret alliance between Russia and Germany, which, becoming a *fait accompli*, would perforce bring in Russia's ally, France, and so unite the three Great Powers against the hated England. In which case, whether "Nicky" had a fleet or not wouldn't much matter. If it survived it was some sort of an asset to the proposed alliance; if it didn't, the Kaiser's whip-hand was strengthened over Russia.

THE PREMIER'S HOLIDAY

Mr. Lloyd George has been enjoying rest and recreation at a Sussex farm, where he has emulated his great predecessor, Mr. Gladstone, as a woodman, providing, moreover, sticks for his own fire. By some merciful providence, there was a photographer handy! But where was Mr. Hodge?

—And How It Broke Down

THIS pretty little scheme seems to have gone, in part, agley mainly owing to the fact that "Nicky," being a gentleman and not a bounder, refused to make arrangements involving France without saying anything to France about them. But "Willy" was, no doubt, content, for the moment, with the destruction of the Russian Fleet, and turned his attention to other plans for the undoing of his various friends and neighbours, with a special view to the indiscretions of Denmark. Nice little fellow, eh?

Verdict and Sentence

AND to think that all this plotting and scheming came to nothing. For, naturally, the lives of millions and millions of their subjects are nothing to autocrats of the Hohenzollern and Romanoff type. I forget the name of the judicial platitudinarian who delivered that superb ellipse—"Prisoner at the bar! You had good parents and a splendid education. Instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks!" But I can imagine him or one of his ermined brethern passing sentence on the decuply-convicted Kaiser in terms I have not infrequently heard in the courts of assize. "The jury have found you guilty on the clearest possible evidence. You appear to be a man of considerable cleverness and some attainments. Had you employed your talents in a proper channel, instead of embarking on a career of crime, you might have been not only an honoured member of society, but a successful and wealthy man. As it is, the public must be protected; and I must show you, and others like you, that cleverness used solely for criminal ends does not pay in the long run. You must go into penal servitude for fourteen years." That would see Wilhelm through all right.

The Camera in Society

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS McLAREN

Whose husband, a Lieutenant in the R.F.C., M.P. for the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, and second son of Lord Aberconway, lost his life in a flying accident while on duty recently. He was the youngest M.P., and served with distinction in the Dardanelles. Being invalided out, he gallantly insisted on rejoining, and the country is the poorer by the loss of a very brave and popular officer

"IN ENGLAND -NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *September* 10, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

DON'T you just adore this September month, when

Fair shimmering mists the valleys fill,
The keen air sets the blood a-thrill.

Even spring's hardly lovelier, and in place of her alluring promises I suppose it's the

O be less beautiful
Or be less brief

part of it that makes autumn so delicious and delightful. Day by day we pull the blinds a little sooner, night by night the blankets a little closer, and every afternoon, as the sun sinks earlier and earlier there's always the great question—to tea or not to tea in the garden?

卐 卐

BUT all the same, it's glorious to be alive and young when September's here. For one thing, to the human heart there's always something comforting and fascinating in colour, bright, rollicking, radiant colour. And in September

. . . . . these autumn afternoons,
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,

we get a fair riot of it. And, for another, always brings one up a bit, doesn't it, that eat, drink, for to-morrow there'll be—Winter feeling? In autumn, for all but the merest babes and sucklings, horrid thoughts about the Bird of Time having but a little way to flutter and the bird being on the wing keep creeping in, making it more than ever up to one not to waste a minute, to live life up to the hilt, to drain the cup to the dregs—in a word, to make the most of it.

"Autumn so delicious and delightful"

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SEPTEMBER, too, is what I'm sure Mr. Macdonald Hastings would call a snunkly month. "Snunkly," you know, means—well, here's his description of a snunkly lunch which I lift from my last (and not least nicest) Service magazine, the *Fledgling*, which is the journal of a certain R.F.C. Cadet Wing that's looking forward to the war somewhere in England:

A snunkly lunch is a lunch where everything snunkles. The champagne snunkles against the ice in the pail; the game pie snunkles against the cold lamb; and the girls snunkle up against the men so that there shall be plenty of room for everybody. . . .

"Ain't this National Baby Week?"

ONE reason why its called *The Fledgling* is, of course, contained in the little story it tells of the row of Flight Cadets of particularly youthful appearance, who were walking down a street:

The pink bloom on their young cheeks suggested but recent escape from mother's powder-puff, and two street-loafers were duly impressed by the novelty of the spectacle. "What do 'ee make of 'em, Alfred?" asked the one. "Durned if I know," was Alfred's reply, "but look here, mate, b'aint this the *National Baby Week?*"

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A NEW version of the Ten Commandments according to *The Fledgling* contains:

Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it as a shaving mug; and

Thou shalt not covet thy sergeant's post, nor the corporal's, nor the staff major's, but do thy duty, and by dint of perseverance rise to the high position of field-marshal.

And I'm amused to hear of a certain Women's Legion who, not content with training earwigs to stand on their heads and make movements like a cadet asking for a second helping, have enlivened the science of musketry by introducing a new vocabulary that fairly shrieks of the eternal feminine. The rifle has become a gun; the bolt is a "pusher"; the trigger a "puller"; whilst the U of the backsight is a "nick," and the foresight "the little thing on the end."

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AMUSING sex, isn't it? Her feet may be earth-bound and her eyes never see the stars, but at least woman has too free a soul to let any silly old conventions bind her down to mere dry-as-dust logic and things. As the engaging author of "The Confessions of a Young Man" has lately told us—women are objective, men are subjective; women desire the actual, men the real; one is for fact, the other for imagination.

(*Continued on page 486*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued)

BOOKS, books, books! You'd never think there was a war to look at the autumn lists of new ones just out. The poets may be in the *mêlée*, but it doesn't look as if the prose-writers were, or, if they are, must be in some restful part of it where they get plenty of time to think and to write their thinks down and to pow-wow with their publishers. And as well as new books, *masses* of new plays—in fact, such is the rush there's positively a stage-hands' strike threatened.

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LAST week a *première* for every night, and this week several more, and others celebrating their birthdays with orgies of new dresses—undresses, one critic of one play called 'em, but that's neither here nor there, and as Mr. Oscar Asche says, if you don't like the nude you'll have to shut up the British Museum 'cos of the statues:

> The tone of the stage nowadays
> Makes some people shirty.
> Their minds are so . . . lovely.

"The Cossack officer"

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BUT it does rather depend, of course, upon the *quality*, and, somehow, the ancients seem to have done better in that direction than the present-day chorus-girl does.

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ABOUT the autumn novelties, of course you've heard there's a new political party—and talk of yet another! The babe's been christened the "National," it's aims to promote Reform, Union, and Defence, and if it *really* going to—well, here's to it, and in a glass, long, extra. But I don't see anything in their programme about the mere poor, dear People, and before we get on to any other reforms, what's wanted more than anything is a Party that'll just now and again remember that there *is* a people, and that it badly wants defending.

"Recovering from ten days' leave in Blighty"

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FIRST and foremost, of course, against the Profiteers, who've really reached the freezing limit and 'll have to be spikebozzled soon or—well, we'll all die off, sucked dry, and there'll only be Profiteers and Politicians left, and *that'd* be a nice world, wouldn't it? *Nothing* seems to put the lid on them; really it's worse than the war. Even with the new maximum prices the Government's so generous to the traders they still make several hundreds per cent. profit on them. And as for the un-"controlled" things like drinks. . . !

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REALLY it's almost amusing—no wonder some people don't want the war to stop! They say the publicans and that crowd, though they're only working a third of the time and selling a third of the amount and employing a third of the labour, are making even *more* out of it than they did in peace-time. And as they hauled it in hand over fist in those far-off days, I leave you to imagine their war-time catches.

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EVEN if the beer that they sell at 1*s.* 3*d.* a pint costs them more, when you come to think that three years ago it was only 3*d.*, it's pretty obvious someone's making a nice little fortune out of the wretched consumer, if there *is* a war. And with whiskey and things soon not to be had under ten bob a bottle for the mere public, it'll just be a toss-up between two evils—teetotalism or the workhouse. The latter for choice, I suppose, seeing what abolishing vodka's done for Russia.

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APROPOS, the Cossack officer Helen's drawn specially interested us when we met him, for is not his the only remaining organised law-abiding patriotic force in Russia? Which is the reason, I suppose, why, under Hun guidance, of course, they've withdrawn from this most gallant and famous body all their ancient rights and privileges, and reduced their general to private's rank. By the way, bitter blow though it's been, the Russian *débâcle* has done us here in England at least *one* good turn—the East-enders who were combed out the other day have nearly all rushed for Russia (40,000 from London alone, I'm told) instead of the British Army, having heard that there was quite a sporting chance of there being no more fighting on the programme by the time they reached their misguided native land.

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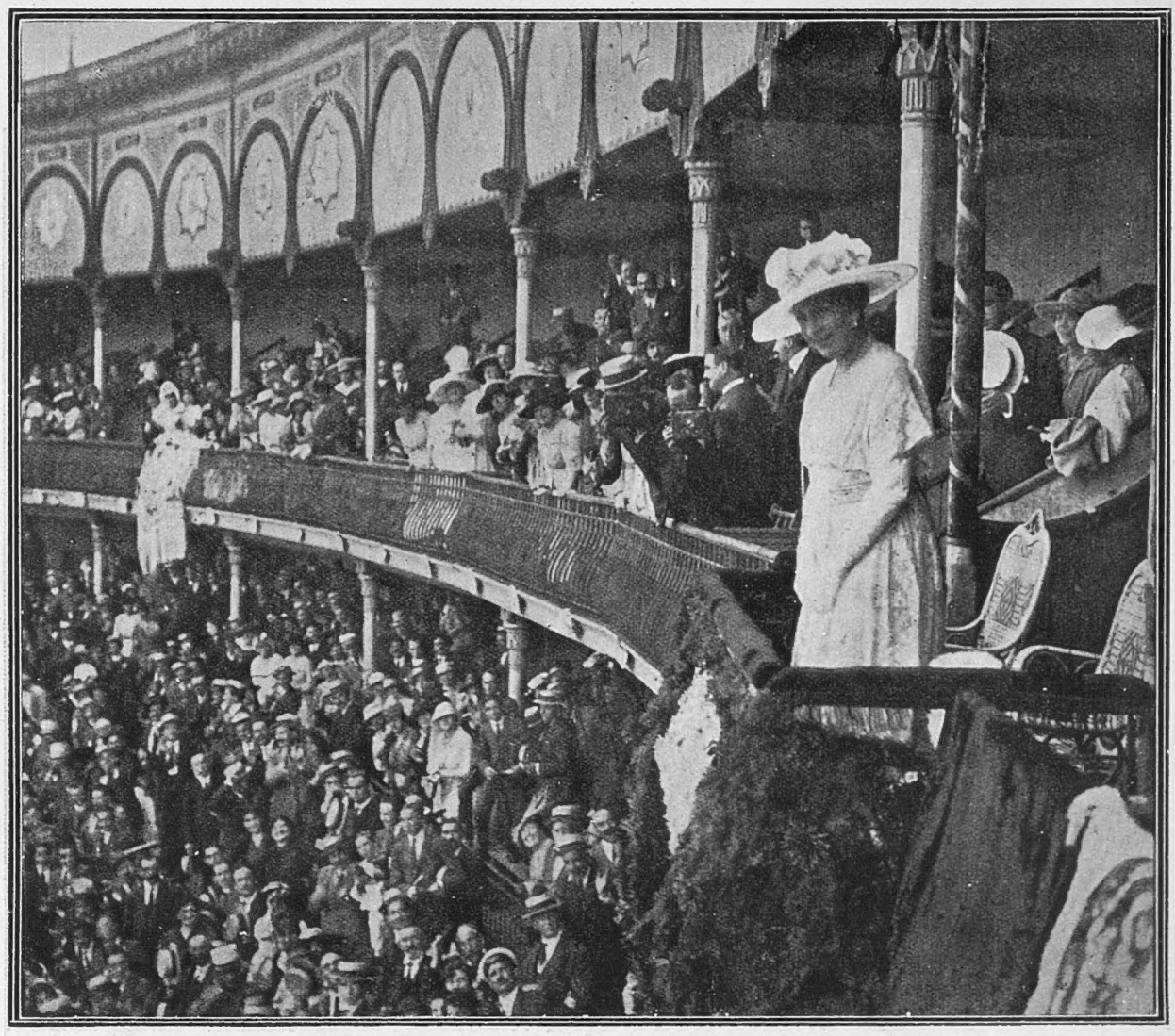
TO return, though, to the subject of drink, I don't think it costs the B.E.F. in France as much as it does us here. Anyway, I hope not, if this R.G.A. officer's mess lives up to its letters. "Instead of drinking your health weekly as we used to, dear Blanche," writes some quite nice gunners, "we now drink it daily, and if this war goes on much longer it'll probably be an

(Continued on page 488)

Some Women Who Don't—No. 6

CLYTIE

Who finds her "right environment" at the "Palette" Club, where "things that really matter" are discussed



IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF CHARITY!

The Queen of Spain entering the Royal Box at the Santander Bull Ring to witness a bull-fight in aid of charity

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

hourly occurrence. You see, we've all had leave since we last wrote to ask you to wangle it for us, and we feel certain it must be you we owe it to.

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"JUST one more favour we want now, Blanche. Can you persuade some of your red-hatted friends to have some rest given to officers recovering from ten days' leave to Blighty? You've no idea what a strain it is to leave all the fluffy things behind and return suddenly to guns and crumps and other nasty things they keep out here. Very unromantic and unsympathetic of them, isn't it? Do please try and do something for us."

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POOR dears! Really it's s'awful what they do have to go through, and that morning-after-the-night-before feeling must be worse there than anywhere. But I'm afraid I can't do anything about this after-leave leave—except just to advise that perhaps if they had a *rather* less fluffy time they might get over it quicker. Those "urgent private affairs" some people are always getting leave for are *such* a strain on the heart to part from at Victoria, aren't they?

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REMINDS me, Ciro's is dead, but Ciro's redivivus at—where *do* you think? Of all places, the Criterion, which is in Piccadilly, you know. They do not, I believe, dance there yet, nor does the famous ragtime coon orchestra thunder syncopatedly "The Monkey Parade" or "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning" or "Where did Robinson Crusoe go with Friday on Saturday Night?" But Luigi, with his magic wand, has done things already to the food, and the House of Lords and the ladies of the London stage are already taking nourishment there.

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THOSE of the former that is, of course, who aren't up in Scotland, where the Ministers are, patriotically shooting grouse to add to the national larder, I don't think, or further south popping at the priceless partridge on the sunlit, spreading acres of

> . . . . those old pheasant-lords,
> These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
> Who had mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing
> Since Egbert.

As for the rest of us, London's "empty" only round about Mayfair. Holidays are at an end, or very nearly, and it looks like being a busy winter for most of us. Now we grow Profiteers, you see, one has to put in overtime so's to make enough money to keep those priceless patriots happy.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Above the Eastern Theatre

PASSED BY CENSOR

In all the theatres of war the aeroplane becomes day by day a more familiar feature of the airscape. The upper of these two photographs shows a scout over the Bulgarian coast. This photo was taken from a biplane, seen in the lower picture, flying close to the shore of the Gallipoli peninsula

Deauville Delights Delicately Drawn

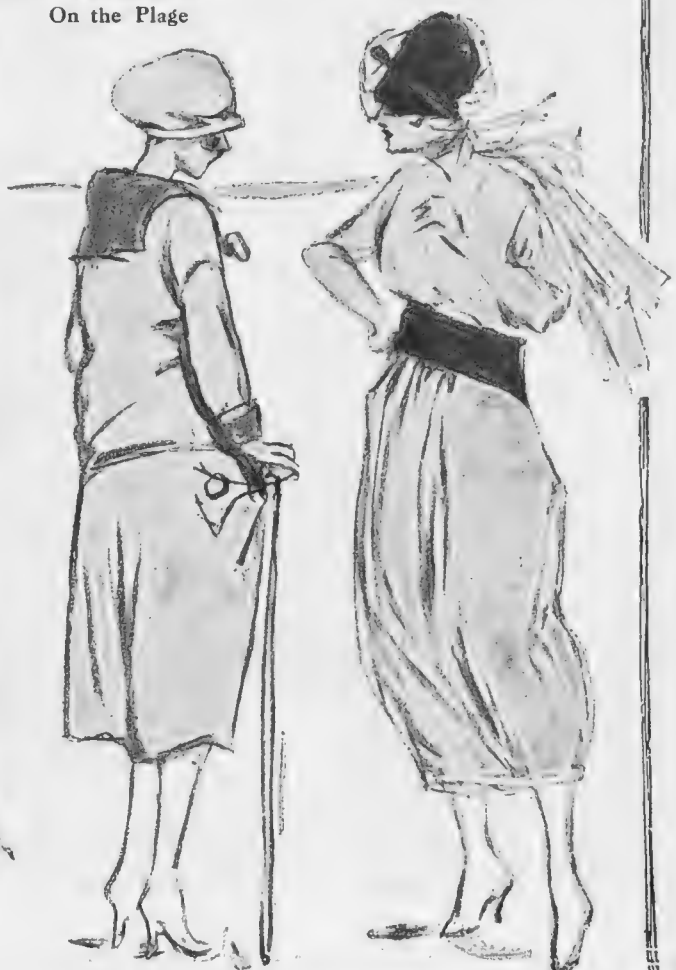
A shady hat

Watching the bathing

On the Plage

The Bystanders

Two little pebbles on the beach



The Turkish harem effect

The Bystander in Paris

HORRORS OF WAR

"Those Russian girls"

MESSIEURS—

MY sister Lucile and I have so often wished that we were men and could go to the front, or even that we were Amazons like those brave country-women of yours who fought the big policemen in Whitehall before there was a war, or those Russian girls who have cut off their hair and gone to fight for their country. But I am so afraid we are not at all of such a bravery. It is not our nature, and one cannot be more than one's nature. Lucile, who is more egoist than I, says we would be fools to try, and now I know she is right.

*

IT was this way that I informed myself what a coward I am and how I could not go to the trenches. In our beautiful quarter of the Etoile, where *grâce à vous*, messieurs, we have had never before any horrors of war we have now a plague. Our *concierge* told us one morning about, for example, the rats; how in the night they had eaten her *gigot* of mutton, and one had bitten the baby of the *concierge* next door. I said to Lucile, "I am not frightened, they will not dare to hurt us. We must be brave Frenchwomen like Madame Maitre, who has been given the cross of the Légion d'Honneur for nursing at the front."

*

AND I think I would have been brave if I had remembered. (I wonder often how men remember to be brave.) But it took me so by surprise. It was Tuesday, the second day without meat, and I had been dining at the house of my grand-aunt, Madame de Lubersac Gudin, who makes the war an excuse for having less on her table than the nothing she had before. (It was because of that that Lucile had a headache that day and could not come.) I had forgotten quite about the horrors, and was thinking about my grand-aunt, and how much she must have saved and how hungry I was, when the *concierge* opened the door. Our apartment is on the fourth floor, where we have a little balcony, and I took the *ascenseur*. Messieurs, it was the second day of vegetables, or I might have a braver story to tell.

*

I CAN not easily write of it. The thing squealed when I shut the iron gate of the *ascenseur*, for it was caught by the tail. I saw it, oh! so plainly, and I just—died! I did not delay even to call out. It was Monsieur Joseph, the son of our neighbour, Poncelet, coming home on his *permission*, who found me. He said when he called next day, to enquire, that the best way to recover people who have fainted is to undo their corsage and to stroke their temples, but I did not tell Lucile he

(Continued on page 492)

". . . . And I just—died"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Everyone was scratching"

had done that. She says I should have hit the horror with my umbrella, but how, when I was at once fainted dead, could I have done that?

✲

My cousin Amy, whose mother is English, and who works at the Ministry of Finance, had more sympathy, and she told me as her great secret how, though she is half English, she is not either so altogether brave. You must know our Ministry of Finance is in the Louvre (not the shop nor the Art Gallery part), and that it has been there so long that all the great books and papers had become very, very dusty. The old men who counted the money and added up the figures had become, too, so old, that they slept nearly all day long. And then, I suppose, because in England all the work is being done by girls, someone at our Ministry said, "We must have girls too." That was how my cousin Amy went to work there. Her mother said she must do like an English girl because she was half English. But one day Amy and some other girls said, "It is awfully dusty," and they began to dust all the old papers. Now they wish they had not. The dust was full of horrid little insects. Amy says that for days everyone was scratching. And one day she could not support it any longer. So she went to the dressing room. "I *will* catch it," she thought, and she began to take off her things. (Lucile says that I should not write this story, because you, messieurs, and all your cousins in England will think it very shocking; but to French people it is funny, and if you think it shocking remember that we are often so very shocked by the things you do. I do hope you will not be so shocked.) When Amy had begun to undo her *beaux dessous* the horrid insect jumped. And what do you think she did? Like me when I saw the rat she forgot to be brave. She picked up all her clothes and ran out in the corridor and shut the door of the dressing-room behind her. Almost she was seen by *chef de bureau* before she was fastened up, but she says she was not so afraid of that as to go back into the dressing-room with that so active little jumper.

"She ran out in the corridor"

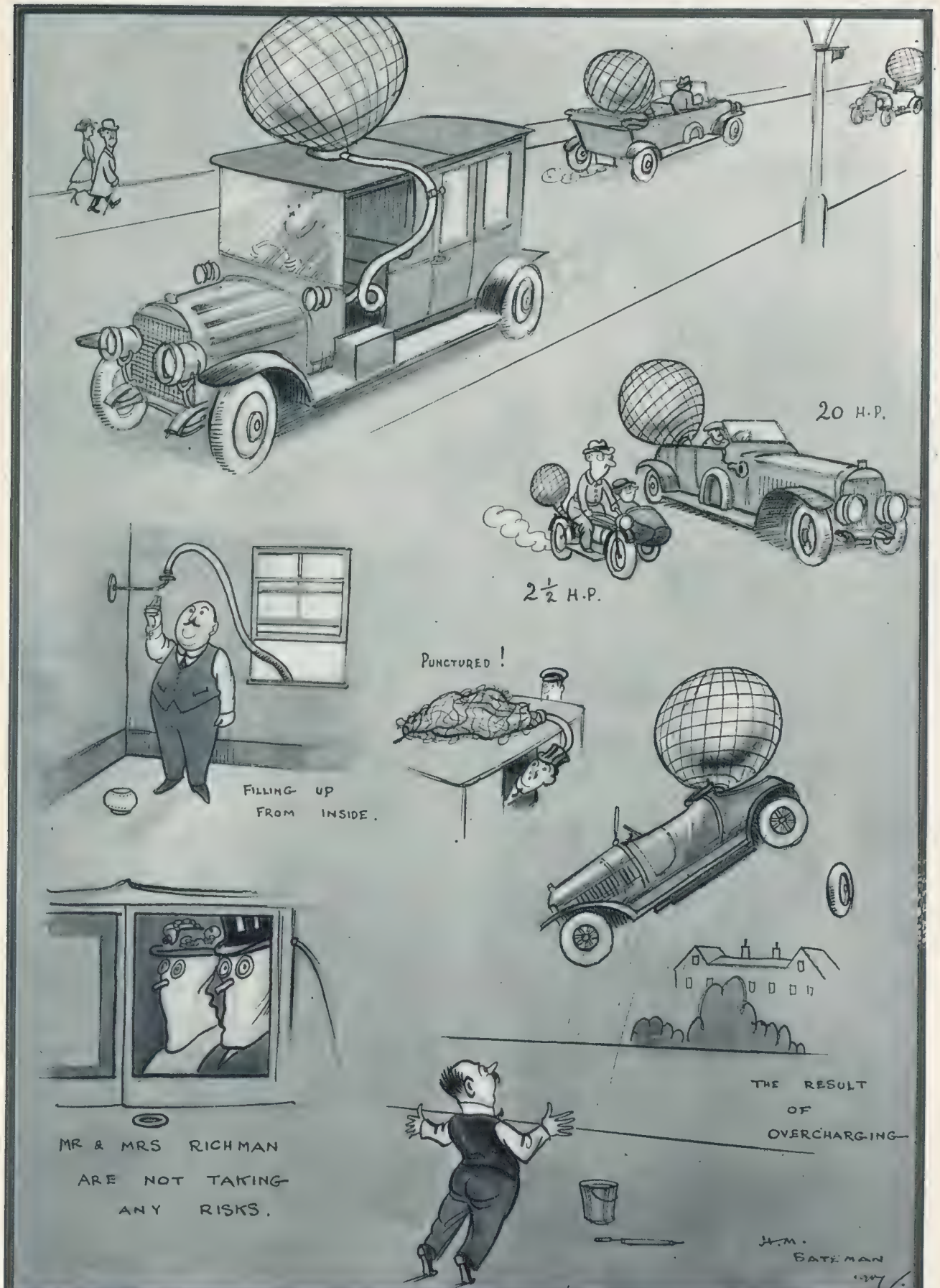
✲

When I told Amy's story to M. Joseph, the son of our neighbour, Poncelet, he laughed so, and said it was time some of the horrible things of the trenches came to our Paris to let us know what it was really like *là bas*, and Amy and I have planned such a surprise for him when he goes back. We are going to show how practical we are. I am going to give him a little English fox-terrier to kill the rats, and Amy has bought ever so many different kinds of tin boxes of insect-powder, because she says she knows now how brave all the men at the front must be. But we don't want any more, messieurs, of the things you have in the trenches, to plague us here in Paris.

Your French friend,

AGNES

A Vision of the (Near) Future



PASSED BY CENSOR

According to experts on the subject, a motor car can be driven quite a distance on coal gas. Some of the things that may come to pass if and when petrol permanently gives out are here pictured by the ingenious pencil of Mr. H. M. Bateman

"Are We All Here?"

BY Y.E.S.

THE road was long and straight, and bordered on either side with rows of tall poplars, leafless at this season of the year. The first signs of the evening greyness were upon the wide, flat stretches of unhedged fields beyond the poplars. The only sounds were the distant rattle of a waggon or two upon the battered *pavé*, the rumble of our guns, and the occasional whistle and burst of a "whiz-bang" or a shrapnel shell somewhere in the neighbourhood, though not near enough to cause a consciousness of their proximity. They happened as the ticking of a clock which falls unperceived on the accustomed ear.

As Densmore and I turned into M—— the evening 'buses began to arrive with their loads for the trenches—a long line of them bumping slowly over the uneven road, skidding where the mud was greasy.

"Let's watch them," said Densmore.

We stood at the corner as they drew in and discharged their loads. This was the final stage in the journey to the trenches, possibly the least trying stage through which these men had passed upon the long way that led them from home to the very front. The short distance that still lay between them and the firing line must be traversed on foot, and under cover of darkness. They chattered gaily as they clambered down, most of them making for one or other of the three *estaminets* which monopolise the corner.

"Hall change 'ere for 'Ampstead 'Eath."

"You may take back the car, driver; we've decided to walk the rest."

IF HIS DREAMS CAME TRUE!

"Where's all the porters for my luggage"?

"Which is your hotel, Boxer? Are you standing dinner, or do you reckon on champagne and oysters at my expense?"

"I calls this swank, I do. It'll sound like 'igh society when I writes 'ome, 'We motored over to the shoot.'"

Densmore spoke to some of them, and one in particular, a jolly, bright-faced youngster, seemed to interest him.

They had struck up a chorus, but one of them outvoiced the rest.

Are we all here? Yes!
That's all right so long as we're all here.

. . . . . .

Are we all here? Yes!
Shout out with all your might.
Are we all here, eh?
Shout, hurray!
And as we're all here, all right.

We left them noisily filling in the time until the order should come to fall in for the silent march through the darkness to their spell of vigil in the trenches.

"What had that bright-looking youth to say for himself?" I asked.

"He is an Irish-Canadian—he came back and enlisted at the very start," said Densmore.

It was during the following week that I was again with Densmore one damp morning upon the same road, which is the evening route of the exiled 'buses. We were walking towards M——, and were still some two miles from it, when we came upon a party resting upon the soppy banks of the ditch.

The first impression was one of mud—mud on the boots, the clothes, the equipment, the hands, the faces. The next impression was received from the only feature distinguishable from mud. The eyes of the men. Tired eyes they were, as of the sleepless watcher.

Amongst them Densmore recognised the Irish-Canadian. He went over to speak to the man. I came with him.

"Getting back?" said Densmore.

"Yes, sir."

"You seem to have had a rough time."

"No worse than usual, sir. Our platoon lost ten."

"How many times have you been to the trenches?"

"Off and on these nine months, sir."

"Do you always come back like this?"

"Mostly, sir; it takes it out of you—and the march back is the last straw."

"Of course. It's hard luck having to march."

"We do be all right with a bit of a rest, sir."

"And going. 'Do you always go as I saw you the other day?—singing, for instance?"

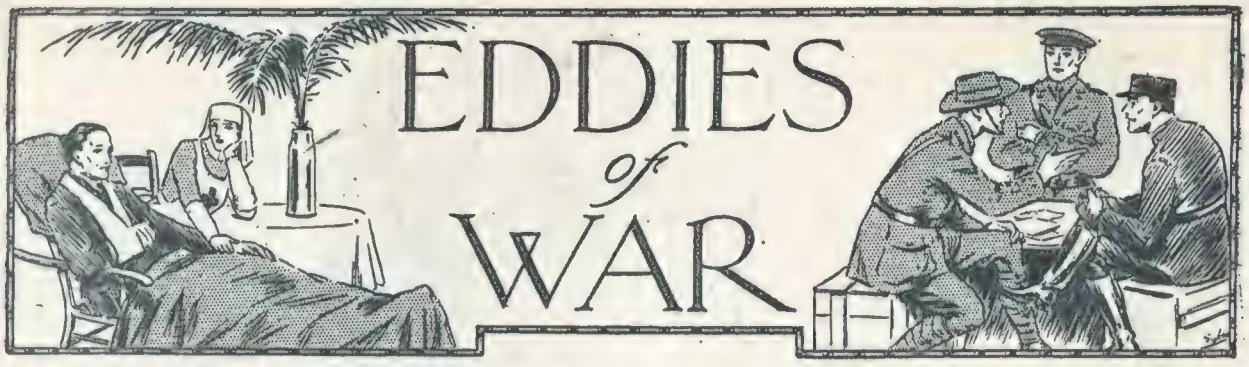
"Sure, sir. We do be fresh then."

We were nearing M—— when Densmore said: "Those fellows have scarcely slept for a week—where the fighting is—and they look played out. But my mother watched at my bed for a fortnight once, fighting death that very nearly got me. She was knocked up afterwards. But no one made a fuss over her."

The Vital Point of the War

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Lloyd George says as we're goin' to fight to the last man—but wot I wants to know is—oo's a goin' to bring that last man 'is rations?"



THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

BY DELL LEIGH

It was my fault. I shouldn't have dragged him into it. He is one of those queer fellows who do the unexpected thing at the unexpected time. I suppose it is his Irish temperament, though there is little to show of Irish about him, except possibly his love of a row; and he was the backbone, so to speak, of a very Highland battalion, and his name is Arthur Jones! They had told me I might bring a pal to the dinner-party. I hate going to those kind of shows alone, as I am not a City man, and as Jones and I share the same flat I mentioned it to him, and he said "Right" with a curious alacrity when I told him who they were. One of them had a birthday or something, and a rather special dinner in the Tapestry Room at the Eldorado followed, in the City way. Jones and I were the only fools present. The other eight had lived for years by their wits, and were still at large, with huge bank balances. So that you can imagine we kept pretty quiet during most of the conversation. To my surprise, about the fish stage Jones conveyed certain remarks to me *sotto voce*, which made it clear he knew more about them than I did. Of course, I knew them all in a superficial way, as one does, and my particular host had been my broker for years. But when Jones passed me the toast-rack and said, "We are in the vicious circle—keep it up," I thought he was getting tight, and said so. But I was wrong. There are certain men, you know, difficult to place socially, who continue to fiddle successfully on the stock and share market while the country burns. Of such were these. You felt, after studying their faces, that these men were bound, come what may, to make money in large and depressing quantities. They had, as it were, turned the sickle of war to their hand, and the harvest was portrayed by the pearls in their shirt fronts.

* *

There was one fellow there, we will call him Midas, whose commanding personality affected me as it affected most with whom he came in contact. He had been amassing wealth in his wanderings down all the shady paths of commerce for years. But he was a strong man, with strong, steady eyes. He turned most of the conversation round to himself, and none could gainsay him for fear he would get nasty and collar some of their shares in something. Jones became more and more fidgetty as the dinner wore on, and seldom took his eyes off Midas.

* *

It appears to be a recognised custom among this fraternity that when anyone of them wishes to hold forth he is given a free rein and is not interrupted. The reason probably is that the others may turn some of his words to their ultimate advantage. The fun began when we had pushed back our chairs and were swilling the old brandy round in the bottom of the big Eldorado glasses. Syme, the proprietor of the *Democratic News*, whose circulation and advertisement tariff is colossal, began pulling the leg of Midas. about giving one's capital to the State for war purposes Syme has a gifted tongue, and doesn't live up to a single principle his paper blazons forth daily, and Midas answered in the usual way, "Why should I?" They became heated, and Midas talked in a manner that made Jones and me squirm. Jones had evidently been waiting his opportunity all the evening, and about eleven let them have it. I don't remember all he said, but he was very quiet and sarcastic and horribly rude, and he told them straight what the men in France felt about "fat munitioneers," and so on. In fairness to them I must say they let him go on, but I noticed Midas was ruining the leaf of a three-and-sixpenny cigar with his finger-nail. And they all loathed Jones.

* *

It was when we were having the last brandy and soda that the bomb hit the hotel. Plumb into that enclosed courtyard. The Tapestry Room caught it badly, and we were all flung about like dice. Syme was killed outright. Jackson, my broker, had his leg blown off and died from shock. All the others were pretty badly injured. Jones was giving me a lift with my coat, and we were both blown out into the corridor, badly shaken and bruised. The screams of the women in the Grill Room haunted me for days. But the man who screamed loudest was Midas, who lay on the carpet with a gaping wound in his thigh. We crawled back through the smoke and *débris*, and got him out. We helped to get a good few others out too that night. They were laid in rows until the ambulances came, and Midas cursed the driver of one because he wouldn't take him first; and finished up, before he fainted, by offering £500 to anyone who would take him to Hampstead. I don't know what eventually happened to him. The casualties were pretty heavy in that neighbourhood though.

* *

When we finally got back to the flat, and Jones with a shaking hand poured me out a drink, he remarked with a laugh, "Sorry I was so damned rude at dinner, old man, but it only shows that I was to some extent right. Even the vicious circle don't get preferential treatment when a bomb comes from a passing Gotha." As he put the siphon back on the sideboard he added, "But if they'd had time they would have bought the deepest cellar in the hotel forthwith!" And I'm afraid he is right.

Bits of a Missing "Line"

What has become of the "Hindenburg Line"? It's a long time now since we've heard any mention of it either in our own or the German press. Perhaps these Canadian Official Photographs supply an answer, for they show two little bits of it that appear to have broken away completely from its crumbling walls, and will no longer form part of Germany's powerful bulwark against her "oppressors"

His Maste

PASSED BY CENSOR

" What an 'ell of a mess you've

r's Voice

nade of the name of William"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

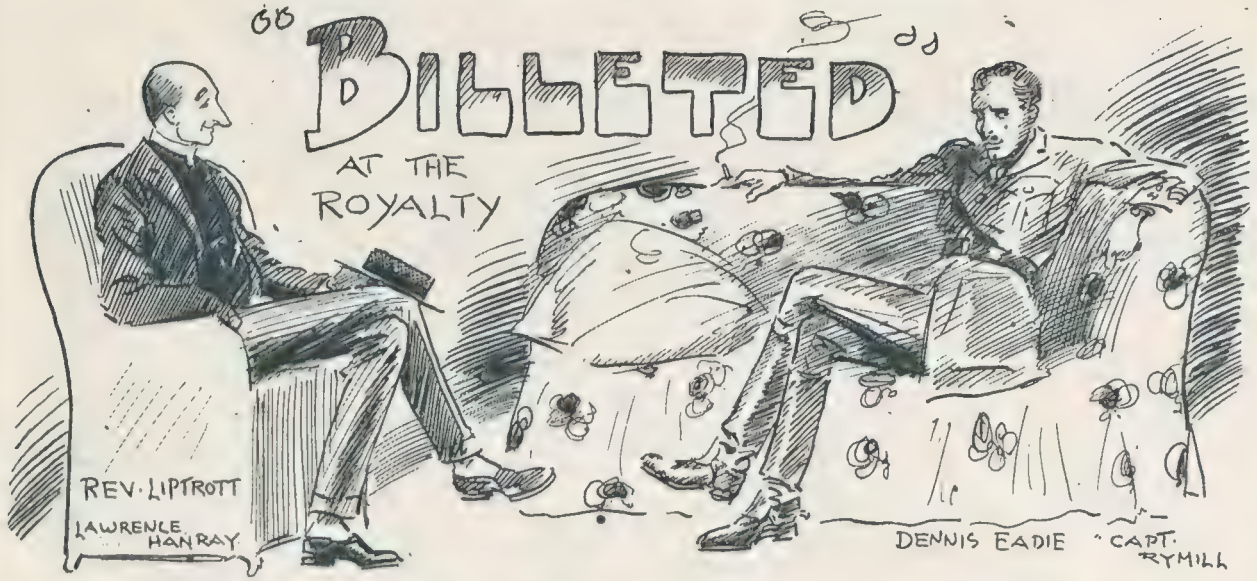
Dainty and Demure

Photograph *Dorothy Hickling*

MISS BETTY CHESTER

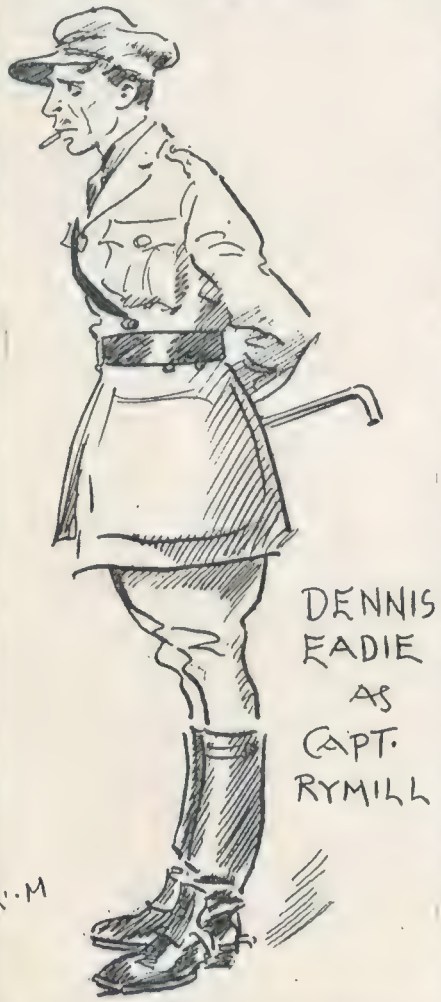
Who is playing a leading part in the successful revue "Smile" at the Garrick, although a newcomer to the stage, is well-known as a brilliant amateur with a contralto voice of peculiar charm. Her songs, grave and gay, have entertained wounded men all over the country since 1914

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS



BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by Norman Morrow*

THIS is, in many respects, a very pleasant and highly amusing comedy. The dialogue bristles with happy witticisms and the acting is agreeably near perfection. The story concerns Betty Taradine (Miss Iris Hoey), a young and lovely grass-widow. She and her husband could not agree as to which of them was the more recklessly extravagant, and so, after making all the provision for her that was possible, he strolled away to South Africa. Betty has heard nothing of him for two years, and does not know whether he is dead or alive. Meanwhile, as there is a war on, Betty has agreed to billet two officers in her spacious home. One of the officers is Colonel Preedy (Mr. Dawson Milward), and the other, who does not arrive till later, is Captain Rymill (Mr. Dennis Eadie), of whom his Colonel speaks in the highest terms.



✻

MISS LIPTROTT, the vicar's sister, hears of this arrangement, and calls in great distress to talk to Betty about it. If Betty were a real widow, it seems, the billeting arrangement would not matter so much, but seeing that Betty is living apart from her husband, people will talk; and it is so necessary to set a good example to the village folk. Miss Liptrott being a spinster of uncertain age is, naturally, like the rest of her kind, very eager to give an opinion on a matter about which she can really know nothing. Betty rather resents Miss Liptrott's interference, and the audience appears to sympathise with her cordially. Miss Liptrott, therefore, turns to the Colonel, who, being a more responsible person, is at once converted, and reluctantly decides to leave his very comfy billet forthwith.

THEN we have some awful examples to show that the extravagant habits that broke up the home must have been Betty's, and not her husband's. For instance, she shows her friends a simple gardening frock which she is wearing, and which, owing to the exorbitant charges of dressmakers nowadays, cost twenty guineas. (I have seen some quite good gardening done in clothes that were much cheaper than that.) Then, again, although Betty has been managing her own affairs for two years, she cannot tell by looking at her pass-book whether

(Continued on page 502)

"BILLETED" AT THE ROYALTY

a trifling balance of two hundred pounds is in her favour or against her. This state of affairs seems a little difficult to swallow; but when, presently, Betty receives back one of her cheques marked "Refer to Drawer," and forthwith commences rummaging in the drawer in which she keeps her cheque-book, in the hope of solving the mystery, that really puts the tin hat on it, as the soldiers say. Even Betty's banker does not seem to be too well acquainted with the art and mystery of his craft; for at one stage of the proceedings he even considers the possibility of making an advance to Betty on the security of a life assurance policy effected by her husband. If wives could negotiate their husbands' policies in this delightfully easy way there would be some exciting times ahead for insurance companies.

⁂

IN order to retain Colonel Preedy on the premises Betty decides to make herself a real widow by forging a telegram announcing the death of her husband. Not only that, but she adopts the properly tearful tone of the newly made widow, and receives the condolences of her friends accordingly. And just as her pretended grief is at its worst Captain Rymill strolls into the room, and she recognises him as her long-lost husband under a new name. Captain Rymill, however, is careful not to reveal the fact to the assembled company, as, if he did, there would be no excuse for the two acts that follow; and that would be a pity in the case of such a well-written play.

⁂

THE consequence is that there is a rush on the part of the men to console the alleged widow. Colonel Preedy himself, with all the delicacy in the world, is the first to give an indication of the fact that his heart is drawn towards the little lady in her trouble. Then Mr. Liptrott, the vicar, unaware, of course, of Captain Rymill's identity, hints to him that he thinks Betty would make an ideal parson's wife as she appeals to him not only on the spiritual side, but on the material side as well. The latter, if anything, rather more. The flaw in the play is, of course, the main topic with which it deals. I do not think that at the moment the general public is in the mood to listen to jokes on the subject of death, real or pretended; and it is a little surprising to find the astute management of the Royalty Theatre overlooking such a cardinal condition of the time.

JINGLE

THE COLONEL GETS FRESH

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 10

Parapets, if you don't revet,
Will fall to pieces when it's wet

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Undoubtedly, old chap, I agree. A very useful article indeed, but at the moment I'd give you all the box respirators in the division for the loan of a fairly good umbrella!"

Shrapnel Pars

STRANGE that so many Hun prisoners should have escaped recently from internment camps. One begins to suspect that they must have been put on their word of honour.

"WHAT Mr. Wells Wants," postulates a *Daily Mail* headline. We should say it was limelight—and Carmelite House has been doing its best to see that he gets it.

TEN THOUSAND oysters have been given to wounded soldiers and sailors by the Colne Fishery Board. The gallant fellows must have found this a welcome change after having so long received nothing but shells.

FOOD-PESSIMISTS declare that we may find ourselves up against sixpenny eggs before Christmas. Well, we must console ourselves with the reflection that we shall be buying much more expensive ones still before Easter.

RIGID war-savers are inclined to turn up their eyes at the unsparing lavishness of the re-decorated *Chu Chin Chow*. But even they must admit that one scene, at least, sets a noble example of economy in dress.

WHY doesn't Fleet Street start a Society for the Suppression of Fatuous Headlines? Here is a fine specimen from a Sunday paper—"Will the Farmers Grumble?" Look out, next week, for "Will the Sun Rise To-morrow?"

WE note that "the German authorities in Belgium have issued an order requisitioning all the cats and dogs in the country." Still, there is at present no further official information about the mysterious "new food" which the Huns are said to have invented.

THE "LITTLE NIPPER" UP-TO-DATE
(With apologies to the late Phil May)

"THE Government beer is a success," says the Secretary of the London Trades Council, "except that there is not enough of it." But there are people ready to make that complaint about *any* kind of beer.

MR. FRANCIS SHAW doesn't think the boilermakers know there's a war on. He must have patience; the war is young yet.

TWO boys charged at Kingston with stealing apples asked if they might keep the fruit. In view of the shortage of sugar, a very natural request.

A FRENCH newspaper believes that by systematically repeating his formula Mr. Wilson will succeed in moving the German people. We prefer to rely upon the repetition of Sir Douglas Haig's formula.

A DISTINGUISHED lady assures us that Crippen was a German. But why insult the dead?

THINGS in Russia look fishy, and naturally the Finns are agitated.

GERMANS not only confuse black with white, but also Grey with Grey.

"WHY not leave the uneducated man alone?" asks Lord Harberton. To which we reply, because he won't stop alone, but insists upon joining the Government.

THE voice, which, according to the Eton boy, said to Balaam: "You must not hit the donkey — it is holy ground," seems strangely familiar. Can it have been the voice of Dora?

"PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES————"

"THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting here, in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front."

Here is the letter in question;

"I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System.

"——, Captain."

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders — to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O's and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority *and his D.S.O.* to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:—

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence forces one irresistibly to the conclusion that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

An Amazing Fact.

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

"Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:—

—24 Generals.
—4 Admirals.
—81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
—144 Colonels.
—Over 3,000 other Officers.

From these *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism.'

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:—

—Promotion to Colonelcy.
—Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
—Rise of £145 per annum.
—Doubled my turnover.
—Naval Promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved 300 per cent.
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent.
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
—Increased turnover and salary.
—Secured a Staff appointment.
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly doubled.
—Added £80 to my Commission Account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
—My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this; the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for *under-stating* the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic: now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. *As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.*

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Should it be Nationalized?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism,"

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of THE BYSTANDER to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. **To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.**

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A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all BYSTANDER readers who send to The Pelman Institute, 27, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Cats and Dogs

QUITE recently we were permitted to read in our newspapers that some extremely learned German professors had discovered a new source of food supply which would enable the Fatherland to keep its larders full in spite of the British blockade. Our own scientists were on the alert at once, because one may learn even from one's enemies. We had already had a rumour to the effect that German professors had succeeded in making bread from sawdust and wood-shavings with highly satisfactory results; and as in these days we have all got to live as cheaply as we can, we naturally wanted to know about it.

❋

NOW comes the news that the German tyrants in Belgium have issued an order requisitioning all the cats and dogs in that unhappy land. Apparently the new food discovery is just as simple as that. Curiously enough, our newspapers have recently been full of the fact that it has been raining "cats and dogs" in Flanders. The German professors in their hurry may have translated the playful statement literally, and have reckoned on a rich harvest accordingly. Indeed, they may well have regarded the phenomenal rainfall in question as a modern miracle comparable to the fall of manna from heaven that fed the hungry Israelites of old. The average German professor would hear without surprise that the age of miracles had been specially revived for the benefit of the greatest nation on earth. Or thereabouts.

❋

IT will be remembered that at the commencement of the war the Kaiser dramatically vowed that before he was beaten he would mobilise every cat and dog in his empire. At the time it was unkindly suggested that the Kaiser was merely talking through his hat, as usual; but it is clear now that he knew what he was saying. Presumably the cats and dogs of Germany have already been mobilised and have been employed "according to plan," and it is now Belgium's turn.

❋

NO doubt the Tribunals in Germany are already sitting to discuss the military value of the cats and dogs of Belgium, and to decide which of them should be sent to the firing line, and which of them can be more usefully employed on what will be euphemistically described as home service. After all, they say that cats, under certain conditions, have a remarkable resemblance to rabbits. And there is nothing on earth that can keep the secrets of the dead so faithfully as a German sausage.

❋

ON the other hand, it may be that the Germans have discovered a military use for cats and dogs that we in our innocence do not suspect. It is well-known, for instance, that a dog with a lighted squib tied to his tail makes a tremendous fuss about it; and a few score of such dogs turned loose into No Man's Land at night might give the illusion of a desperate counter-attack, and thus screen an actual operation of the kind farther up the line.

❋

THE usefulness of cats in the firing-line is not obvious, and no doubt their destiny is C3 and no questions asked. It may be that the Huns have a fanciful idea of sending the cats over into our lines to prevent our Tommies from getting their hard-earned sleep between the acts.

❋

PERHAPS, however, the German scientists, to whom no detail is too insignificant, have remembered that if you stroke a cat's back it will give off electricity; and they may design to send the Belgian cats to the munition factories, where industrious employees will spend an eight-hour day stroking electricity out of their backs for making high-explosive shells.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT!

TOMMY: "No, sir; I don't say nothing against conferences or arbitration, or anything like that, but what I *do* say is, when it comes to argyfying with a 'Un a Mill's No. 5 'elps!"

STAR TURNS.—V. GRAND OPERA.

WHEN well-conducted Opera is going hot and strong,
And Confidantes and smaller fry have done their worst in song,
The Tenor and the Heroine, whose woes have left them fat,
Foregather, 'ere the curtain falls, to hold a quiet chat.

He trills, "Beloved, Lo! the Dawn! Behold yon roseate sky! . . . .
I fain would clasp thee to my heart, we twain must shortly die!"
She queries, "Why, Lorenzo? Say!" Slips up on higher "C,"
And tears the artificial plaits that hang below her knee.

He warbles in distracted tones, whilst pacing up and down—
"I do not dread a world of foes, nor fear thy Father's frown,
Yet fate compels me to unsheath this brace of carving-knives."
She shrills—"And must these shining blades end both our hapless lives?"

He cries, "One kiss!—one last embrace!" . . . and stabs his ample chest,
"What is there left but Death," he pants, "without **Abdulla's Best**"?
With dying breath she lifts the roof—"I fall, without regrets, . . .
Because—we have no more—no more—Abdulla Cigarettes!"

ABDULLA
THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

The Three Bullets

By CUSTOS

THE Westshire Yeomanry were stationed on the East Coast. "A" squadron was billeted in the village of Link; the officers lived at the Grange. Link Grange was supposed to be haunted. Every Saturday night clanking footsteps were heard along the corridor of the west wing. The explanation of this was simple. An underground passage ran from the west wing of Link Grange out to the sea front. When all was still at night this corridor carried in a sort of telephonic manner the echo of footsteps along the front, making them sound as though they were going down the corridor. Every Saturday night the coastguard made his way unsteadily home along the sea front from the village public. The ghost of Link Grange was a favourite joke with the officers of "A" squadron, and was systematically played off on any newcomer.

One fine day Lieut. Duncan James arrived at Link for attachment to "A" squadron pending orders to proceed overseas. Immediately on arrival he was granted three days' leave to purchase foreign kit, and at the end of this period returned from London with an expensive outfit, which included a heavy Colt revolver. He was showing this revolver proudly to his brother-officers before dinner, when one of them, looking at the calendar and seeing it was Saturday, said:

"By Jove! you may need that to-night, old chap, we've put you to sleep in the haunted room."

The supposed habits of the ghost were then recounted to him. Duncan James, who scented practical jokes and wished to pass the night in peace, pulled out his revolver, and from his pocket produced three heavy bullets, with which he ostentatiously loaded the weapon.

"These are the only three bullets I've got. They are sending on the rest, but I guess they will be good enough for any spook. That revolver, boys, is going on the table by my bed to-night."

. . .

ABOVE THE MADDING CROWD

Miss Lucille Patterson, a well-known American artist, has taken up service to release men for the Army. She is shown working on a building in New York, and appears to be well content with her lot

(All rights strictly reserved)

At 11.30 p.m. Duncan rose to go to his room.

"Well, good-night, old bird," said Mainway, one of his brother-officers, "take him alive if you can."

"Yes, and keep him somewhere quiet till the morning; don't bring me down in the middle of the night to have a look at him," another added.

To get to his room Duncan had to go along the haunted corridor. It was a long, low passage leading to a turret overlooking the sea. Remembering that the ghost was supposed to walk along the corridor, he listened carefully to his own footsteps, which produced just the ordinary noise of the tread of feet upon wooden boards. On reaching his room he closed the door, and taking an electric flashlight torch from his pocket tested it, and placed it upon the table beside his bed. After which he put his revolver in a conspicuous position upon the same table, and, pulling up a chair to the fire, lit a pipe.

He did not feel in the least nervous; he merely wondered if his friends would try some joke. I have said he was not nervous, no more he was, but as his pipe grew cold and the dancing flames from the fire subsided into a dull red glow, while a south-west gale blew round the house, sighing amid the trees and creaking and groaning through rusty hinge and shaky shutter, from being meditative he grew alert.

There are times when alertness is half-way house to fear. Duncan rose and stirred the fire, then sat down again, taking solace from the leaping flames.

Hark! What was that? A distant footfall? It must be White or Mainway going to bed. No. It was coming his way. Idiots, they were coming to rag him after all, or perhaps merely to see how he was faring. But it was only one person advancing. The footsteps were at the end of the corridor, and sounded strangely distant and yet loud. What a curious sound they made, those slow measured steps, surely not the note of boot on board,

(Continued on page 512)

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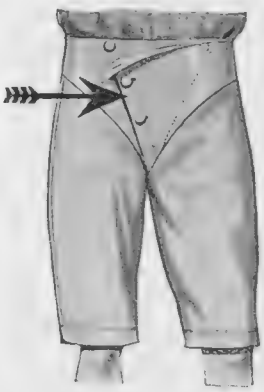

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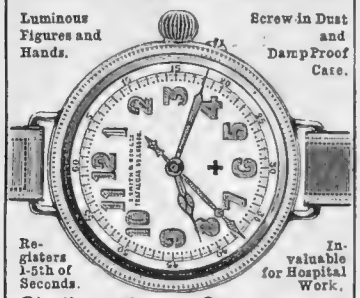

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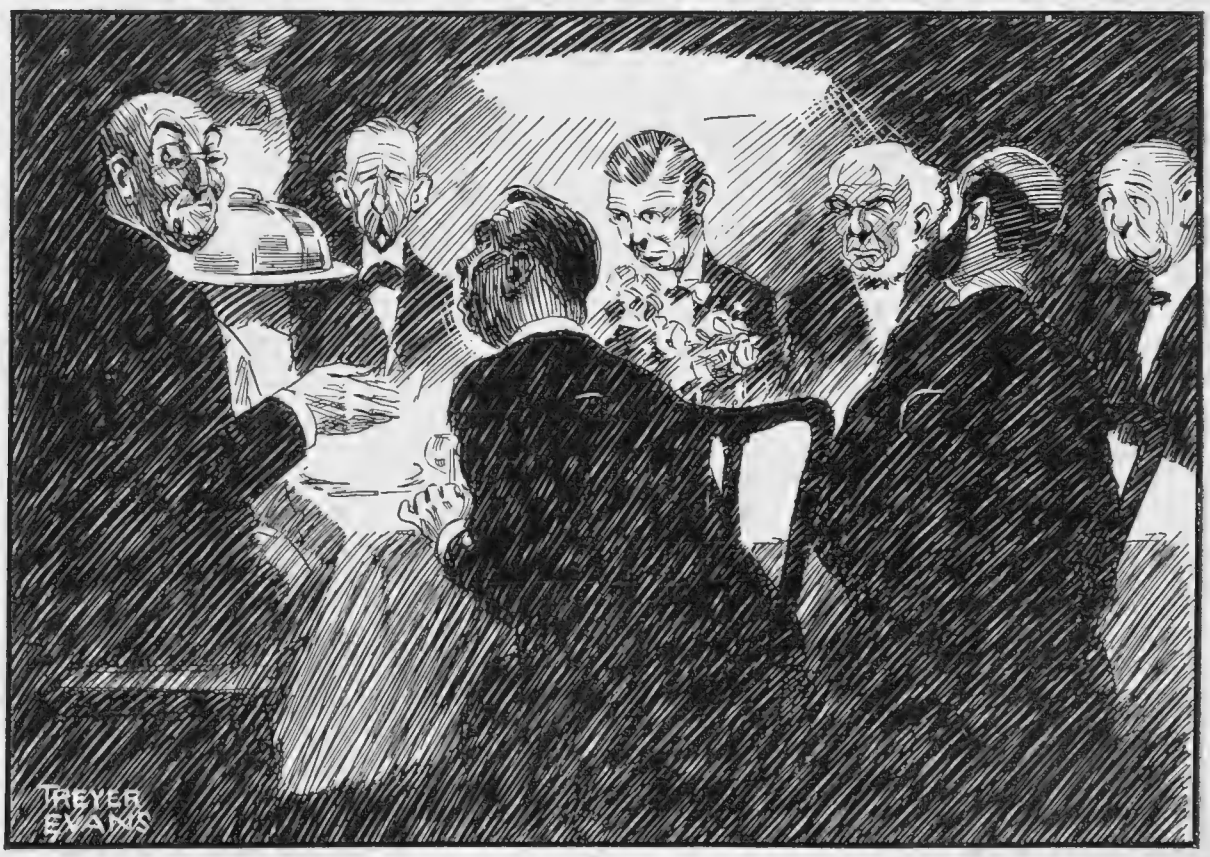

RURAL VICAR (entertaining his choir to dinner): "As it is war time I hope you won't mind a bit of cold mutton"
CHORISTER: "Oh, no, sir. If I might so express it, 'All we like sheep'"

"THE THREE BULLETS" (*continued*)

but rather the click of steel on stone.

Duncan got up from his chair, and, taking the electric torch in his hand, stood by the door.

Tramp, tramp. The steps drew nearer, deliberate and ponderous. Surely no man, however shod, could make that noise upon a wooden floor. His hand upon the latch trembled, then, taking courage as the passer-by came opposite, he flung open the door.

He touched the switch of his torch, and threw a great shaft of light across the corridor. He saw nothing. Tramp, tramp. The footsteps continued to his left. He sprang out into the passage and flashed the light in their direction. Still nothing, just the circle of light upon the floor, seeming upon the very spot whence the sound came. He followed down the passage till the metallic echo was beneath his very feet. He groped in the air and touched space. He rushed forward, passing the footsteps, and they followed on behind. Suddenly his foot caught a projecting nail, and he fell heavily to the ground. Tramp, tramp. They drew nearer, seeming to be coming straight towards his head. *They* passed right over him, yet he felt nothing, saw nothing, only heard — the slow measured beat of the heavy iron-shod boots on ringing stone. He lay there white and trembling, and the footsteps receded in the distance. Gradually they died away, and then he rose and walked shakily back to his room.

He undressed quickly, and crept into bed, pulling the clothes well over him, half-ashamed of the unknown dread within him. Ugh! He still seemed to hear ringing in his ears that awful empty tread. His heart was beating

(*Continued on page 514*)

BLACKPOOL MUCH NICER THAN STOCKHOLM

No wonder the Trades Union Congress has decided not to go to Stockholm. Blackpool, where it has been sitting, has clearly far greater attractions to offer

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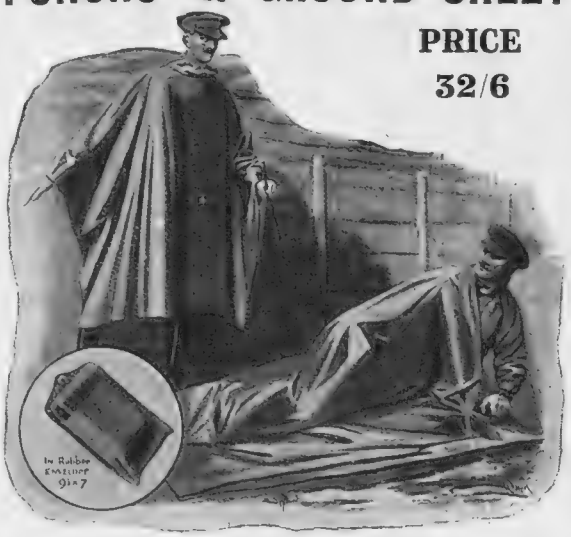

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"THE THREE BULLETS" (*concluded*)

violently, and he wondered that he had not fainted during that ghastly moment when he had lain prone upon the ground, the footsteps coming towards him and passing over him, intangible, invisible.

Click! What was that? He looked towards the door. Heavens, it must be the shimmering of the firelight, or had the handle really turned? The door slowly opened. "It had not been properly fastened and had come unlatched" Duncan reasoned to himself. Nevertheless he did not spring out of bed to close it again; he lay quite still and watched the widening gap.

It was only after he had been looking at the figure in white for some seconds that fear came back to him. On first catching sight of it he had felt the numbness that comes to one who has been struck a blow. There *It* stood in the doorway, an indefinite white pillar faintly suggestive of the human form, such as he had seen scores of times in illustrations to articles on spirit photography.

"Chuck it, Mainway," he heard himself saying in a shaky voice.

The figure glided forward a pace or two. Duncan groped upon the table for the electric torch. His hand came in contact with the revolver.

He was by now thoroughly unstrung.

He pointed the revolver at the figure, and said:

"Stop, or I will shoot!"

The figure glided forward. He aimed deliberately full six feet above the figure's head and fired. There was a loud report, followed by a light thud and something fell upon his chest. The figure stood erect and motionless. Duncan felt with his hand for the thing that had struck him, and found a bullet.

"Must have struck the wall and rebounded," he murmured hoarsely to himself.

Meanwhile the figure, quite unperturbed, again started to glide toward him. Again he cautioned, and again he fired, this time at the thing's legs. Once more there was a report, once more the figure stopped, and once more a bullet fell upon his chest.

"Missed and rebounded again," he murmured, but with no conviction.

The figure was now within three feet of him, and leaning forward in his bed he aimed the revolver point-blank at the centre of its body and pulled the trigger.

For the third time the bullet fell upon the bed and the figure glided on towards him, till reaching the bedside it stooped over him, laughing.

. . . . . .

"You silly old ass," said Mainway, "you are only firing blank. We took the bullets out of your cartridges before mess, and I've been chucking one on the bed each time you fired."

The other officers of "A" Squadron crowded into the room, laughing. Duncan lay very white and still.

"My God!" said the Major commanding the squadron, suddenly bending down and putting his ear to his heart.

"He's dead."

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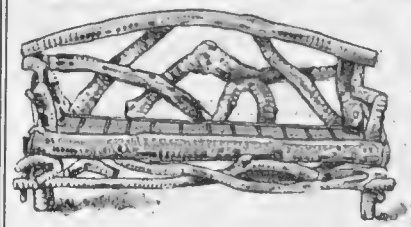

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❀ ❀

"From Shakespeare to O. Henry"

OF *Rebellion* it will be time enough to speak in a week or two. Meanwhile *From Shakespeare to O. Henry* is a piece of literary criticism which is like no other piece of literary criticism that ever was. It is intensely, almost uncomfortably, personal. It leaves you with the impression that if you don't agree with Mr. Mais you hardly deserve to exist. (But perhaps you don't.) It is simply bursting with enthusiasm, indignation, self-confessions, contempt, and hero-worship. Unless you belong to the Victorians irrevocably, you should be swept off your legs. Seriously, however, and with Mr. Mais you ought to be very serious, even when he is laughing at you, there is some very good stuff indeed in these essays. Mr. Mais wants you to read the new schools, and there is really no reason why you shouldn't. You might even read Mr. Mais himself. He will probably start a school of his own before long.

WHAT MORE COULD HE WANT?
A wounded warrior taking a rest somewhere in English scenes—better than Messines!

❀ ❀

The Russian Revolution

ANOTHER Carlyle may arise to give us a *Russian Revolution* in all its bewildering panorama, but the time is not yet. Meanwhile eye-witnesses and

(*Continued on page 518*)

R.S. "Windsor." R.S. "Eton." R.S. "Harrow."

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S.C 4.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (*concluded*)

others learned in Russian affairs (so far, that is to say, as anybody not a Russian can be learned in Russian affairs) have already "got busy." Many things have still to be explained, but the main factors already more or less clearly emerge. Fortunately, too, there is the recently published translation by Bernard Miall of Gregor Alexinsky's *Russia and Europe* (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) to study for a better understanding of the various changes in Russian thought which occurred during the nineteenth century.

⁂ ⁂

Western Influences

Russia and Europe is the work of a Russian who is able to see both sides of a question. As an ex-member of the Duma writing previous to the Revolution, his task was difficult; but he manages to give a clearly-drawn picture of the various European influences at work. And you cannot help seeing how inevitable it all was. From the time of the Decemberists, nearly a hundred years ago, to the events of last March there was always some forward movement afoot, whether it remained wholly underground or succeeded for the moment in raising its head for Europe to see. It is queer to read of the early conservatism of the anarchist, Bakunin, but many things are queer in Russia. You are, too, for ever lighting on the sinister minds of Prussia at work, but in the light of our new knowledge that was to be expected. It is a pity, perhaps, that publication was not postponed for a few months so that a final chapter embracing the Revolution might have been added. But doubtless this will come in due course. Alexinsky's books cover a large ground and are invariably interesting.

An American View

Of the books dealing more particularly with the Revolution itself, Mr. Isaac Don Levine's *The Russian Revolution* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is certainly the most comprehensive. The whole thing is of the nature of grand drama, and Mr. Levine has happily caught hold of the most salient points. The democratisation of the army, the noble labours of the Zemtzvos, whose work was for so long hampered by the Government, and the meaning and strength of Russia as opposed to its former Government—all these points are brought out clearly enough. Indeed, there is more real history in this slim book, written by an American journalist, than in a dozen bulkier and more technical volumes I could mention which have been published during the last ten years in this country. R. S.

⁂ ⁂

"The Bystander" IF Number

We desire to thank those readers who have written to us expressing their pleasure with the "IF" Number we published on August 29, not only for their congratulations, but for the suggestions they were good enough to make for future "Special" numbers of THE BYSTANDER. "Why not a —— number?" "Why not" this? "Why not" that? Some of these suggestions were impracticable, owing to the activities of "Dora," some possible. Perhaps we may compromise by combining and crystallising the advice tendered to us by publishing a "Why Not?" Number in the near future. If we do, we will let you know in good time.

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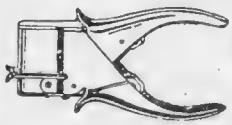

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Sirs,—I had occasion the other day to prove the sterling qualities which you claim for your Malted Milk Tablets and I find they are all you make them out to be. I was one of a Boatload of Survivors (there were eleven of us all told) from a ship that was torpedoed by an enemy submarine. We were adrift for thirty hours in an open boat, with nothing but one of your large size Flasks of Malted Milk Tablets to quench our thirst. I am very thankful to be able to say that when we were eventually picked up not one of us was suffering from either hunger or thirst. I shall always in future carry some of these Tablets with me when I go to sea, as I consider them extremely valuable. I have already recommended them to several brother officers.

Yours sincerely, ——Engr. Sub-Lt., R.N.R.

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The *genuine* olive oil in which "Skippers" are packed comes principally from France and Spain, and it now costs *three times* what it did before the war. We could have met this by substituting inferior oil, but we chose to safeguard the food of the people, and especially of the children for whom "Skippers" are so precious a food.

We therefore determined to meet the extra costs by *reducing* the profit on "Skippers" and increasing the price. "Skippers are now sold on a smaller margin of profit than ever before, but the quality remains the same.

Especially now when butter is hard to obtain, ensure the children's health by giving them plenty of "Skippers."

Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers.'

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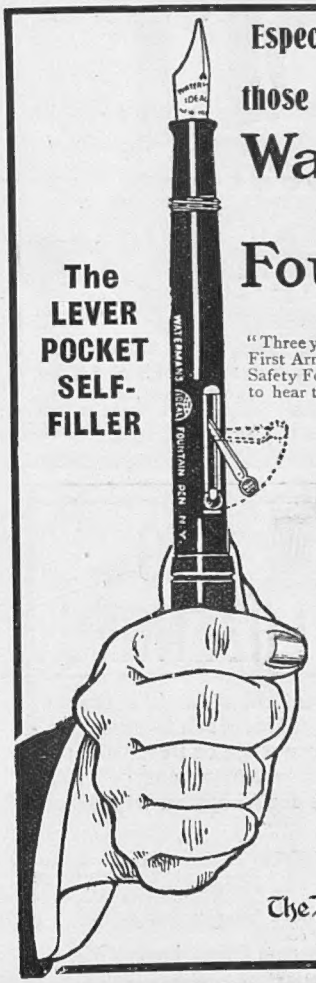

"Three years ago when I joined Kitchener's First Army, I was presented with one of your Safety Fountain Pens. You will be interested to hear that up till last week—when I had the misfortune to lose it—it had been in constant use (during two years of Active Service in the trenches, many months on the Somme). I never found it go out of order, it was always ready to write, and many urgent messages have been written with it by officers to whom I have lent it. It had rough usage but never jibbed, and no one could wish for a better pen. The Waterman is a pen which is used by many on active service because of its simplicity and reliability, and I shall recommend it always."

—*Cpl., Worcestershire Regt., B.E.F., France.*)

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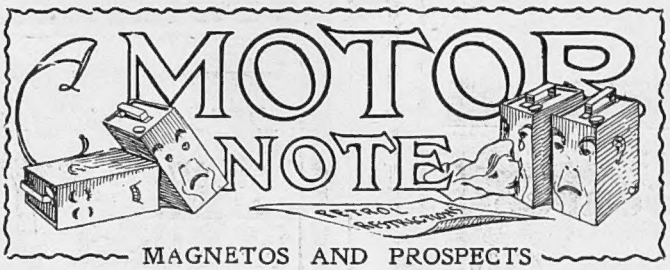


MAGNETOS AND PROSPECTS

Point of View

Two matters dealt with by two writers in a single issue of one of the journals of the craft (what there is left of the craft—which isn't much) make for comment gripping all its pencil. The first relates to the present position of the British magneto industry, and finds the prospect very pleasing. The second deals with the present position of the British aeroplane engine, and finds the situation something less than fair. And I am led to marvel that, after three years of war, we should be so healthy in one essential department and so lagging in another, if this indeed should be so. If it be not so, then the two writers are wrong somewhere. I think one of them *is* wrong somewhere; and mainly it is a matter of point of view.

* * *

Magnetos and Aero Engines

The magneto situation is regarded as satisfactory because, out of nothingness, a British industry of surprising dimensions has arisen. The aeroplane engine situation is regarded as unsatisfactory because we have not achieved a plan of standardisation; but if standardisation is the test, the magneto situation is not satisfactory. If standardisation is not the test then we have no need to worry about the aero engine situation. Unless, of course, standardisation is not a common measure of both departments as I hold it to be.

* * *

The Kamerad Act

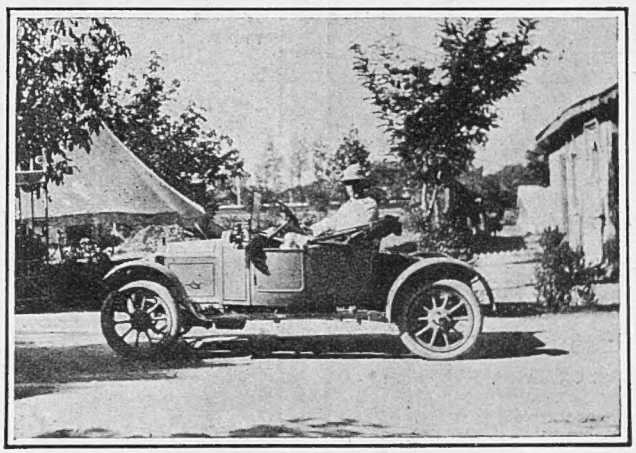
The magneto situation is certainly healthy when comparison is made with the condition of the British magneto at the outbreak of hostilities. It could not be worse, in any case, because there was no British magneto industry before the war. We had allowed Germany to collar the world's market and had accepted the position as divinely ordained; or, which is worse (because it reflected upon our commercial sanity) as unavoidable. We did the *Kamerad* act and surrendered the market. With the result that we found ourselves in the soup in August, 1914. The lives and wealth lost as a result of that surrender may have been (and doubtless were) incalculable. We can only be very sure they were heavy enough to make the angels weep; and, as Ernest Crosby says, "nobody smiled, save the devil."

* * *

Good Business

Our recovery, under the bludgeonings of circumstances, was

(*Continued on page 522*)



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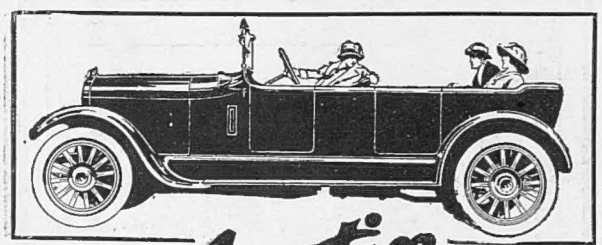
Constantly in use in Multan, in the Punjab. Its owner, Major D. M. Field, is highly delighted with it—and with reason



Austin

AUSTIN'S COMPROMISE TO COMPETITION.

The production of one car.

Competition is commendable enough in one respect, but it is apt to outpace that even more commendable policy, viz. :—the production of the best. The dictates of competition decided a section of the industry to cater for the needs of every individual car user by manufacturing several models of various size and power. The Austin Company would not compete by making one more model than any other manufacturer. On the contrary, its compromise to competition is to be a concentration on one model only—the Austin 20. The development of this car, with the addition of all the valuable experience taught in three years' production of cars for war service, will be placed on the market at the close of hostilities. Those contemplating the purchase of this model are advised to subscribe their names to the Priority List.

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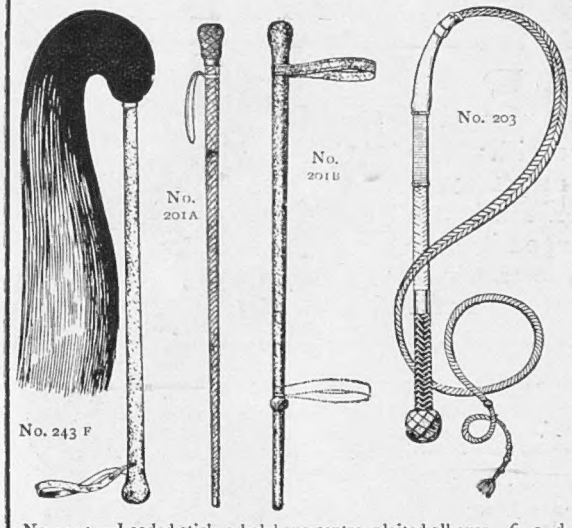

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We are specialists in Knitted Sports Coats, and have always in stock an immense variety of exclusive designs in these practical and becoming garments. Every coat is made under the supervision of our expert who has made a life-long study of knitted goods. Suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear.

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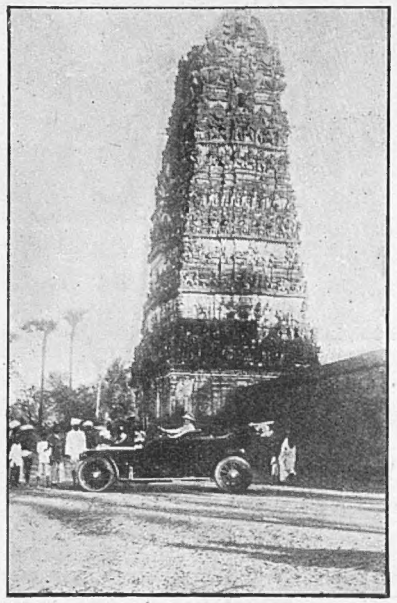
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

remarkable. We found ourselves. We got there second; but we got there. The everlasting luck and the everlasting sticktoitiveness of the British people won out. We discovered we could do the impossible. We were as the young fellow of the American optimonger literature who "started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done; and he *did* it!" Which, for all its belatedness, was good business.

* *
*

Standardisation

BUT in our chortlings over this achievement, which made us from magneto bankrupts into a magneto self-contained nation, do not let us forget, as so many are disposed to forget, that our progress has been due most materially to the absence of that competitive factor which caused us to put up our hands before the war; and do not let us forget that we shall again be up against that competitive factor It may not be of the same nationality as before; but its nationality won't matter if it exists vigorously enough—as I suspect it will. We have to be prepared for that factor. Are we? I hope so, but I doubt it. If the Association of British Magneto Manufacturers were virtually a single organisation and not a number of firms, each producing a different machine, the prospect would be very much more certain, apart from being happier in the present. If to-day it is bad not to have standardisation in the construction of aero engines, it is, in its measure, equally bad not to have standardisation in the construction of magnetos. Other things being equal, standardisation means larger production, fewer spare parts, lower cost, greater efficiency. It would mean a very considerable advantage to us in this war. And in the war after the war the advantage will be no less considerable. To maintain our market without penalising the consumer we shall have to produce on a large scale by the most economical methods. That means standardisation *in excelsis* and either co-operative production or the elimination of the smaller manufacturer and a wasteful fight between the larger fry. That sort of fight always ends in a form of monopoly, and monopoly is always agin our conceptions of the fit and proper but we shall have monopolies and the tendency to monopolies all the time, in magnetos as in many other things; and if we are to fight the outside competitor successfully the monopoly will inevitably crop up—to be taken over, I suppose, by the State if it ever gets too aggressive!



SARPAVARANI TEMPLE

Near to Cocanada, in the South of India, visited by Mr. P. J. Rose, of the Bank of Madras in his 16 h.p. "Sunbeam"

* *
*

Make a Note

COMMEND you, very cordially, the Red Lion Hotel at St. Albans, now tenanted by Mrs. "Tommy" Long, widow of the late Tommy, aforetime a genial personality in the Clement-Talbot organisation. His passing left a sad gap in the ranks of good motormen and a need for his wife to augment the family income. Make a note of the address.

C.A.V. LAMP BULBS. Drive with the light that is always reliable and never fails you. Write for Lamp Bulb price list, and learn how to make light of your car-lighting troubles.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Acton, W.

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